Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Sir Hugh. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that welch Fairy.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I haue ſpied one by good lucke,
His body man, his head a Buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care not.
Quick. Go ſtrait, and do as I command,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers ends,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſure hee's full of ſinne.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphoſed youth.
Sir Hugh. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Torches to his fingers, and he ſtarts.

Sir Hugh. Tis right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quick. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

Heere

Here they pinch him, a
comes one way and
der another way, he
ſteales Miſtris Ann
hunting is made wi
Falſtaffe puls off h
ters M. Page, M.
Sir Hugh.
Fal: Horne the hu
Sblood the Fairies h
What, hunting at th
Ile lay my life the m
Is ſtealing his fathers
How now who haue
ring? Are you there
Shal. God ſaue yo
Sir Hugh. God pl
Page. Why how n
in your han
For. Thoſe horns
And M. *Brooke* and
Why how now ſir
We know the Fairie
Your throwing in th
And what's to come
Miſ: Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis
To call our credits in
Did make vs vnderta
To turne your lewd
Fal. Ieſt, tis well
To be gulled now, n

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITISH